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UPON THE

GLORIOUS and SUCCESSFUL

EXPEDITION

Of His HIGHNESS the

Prince of Orange,

NOW

KING

OF

ENGLAND.

Who Landed *Novemb.* 5. 1688.

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Printed, and are to be Sold by *Randal Taylor*, near *Stationers-hall.* MDCLXXXIX.

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I.

THe little Poets of the Town
Could scarce of late,
A Ballad or a plain Song make;
Their *Wits* were frozen, and their *Hearts* were down.

They ſcarce could furniſh out the *Fairs*
With ſuch light Country Airs,
As uſe to entertain the harmleſs Crowd,
And help to lighten ordinary cares:
Such as the merry Milk-maid ſings unto her Cow;
Or ſuch wherewith the Country Swain
Does uſe to entertain
Old *Bayard* at the Plow.

That was no time for *Verſe*, the *Furies* reign'd,
Hell was let looſe, and Joy was driven from men:
But now the *Goblins* flee, old *Cerberus* is chain'd;
And now the Muſes and the Graces reign agen:
Now every Muſe that could but creep before,
Is fit to mount and ſoar;
Now I my ſelf could mount and ſing:
Methinks I could an *Ode* or *Iliad* make,
This year *December* is the Muſes *Spring*.
It ſhould an *Iliad* be; for why
Achilles and his *Myrmidons* are come:
They ſhake the mighty Walls of *Rome*;
Rome, that of old was call'd *New Troy*.

That

That mighty man, with Princes of renown,
In *Ten* years time is ſaid to take the Town;
But this Immortal *Herve* has outdone
All former times in Expedition;
In half ten *Weeks* he gain'd (and may he long enjoy)
A City far more worth than ten ſuch Towns as *Troy*.

III.

Gain'd did I ſay? It was an *Eaſie gain*;
England was glad to *loſe* herſelf to *Him*,
Who came her Laws and Juſt Rights to maintain,
And her enſlaved people to redeem,
Of all the Sons of *Mars*, ſure this is *He*
That muſt to *War* a Reputation bring;
That ſhews it is not what 'tis ſaid to be,
But a good-natur'd uſeful thing.
Sure ſuch a Conqueſt never was before,
That made the *Conquered* rejoice more than the Conqueror.

IV.

England if ever, here might ſee
A truly *loving Enemy*;

Who

Who by relieving the oppreſt,
And helping the diſtreſt,
Has realliz'd the old *Knight Errantry*.
No Seas, no Storms,
No frowns, no ſcorns,
His Zeal and Reſolution could abate.
Land and Sea *Monſters* nothing were to *him*,
He was reſolv'd he would redeem
The poor oppreſt at any Rate.
His Proweſs and his Chivalry
Among the *Great* his Name enrols;
But his kind Zeal and Charity
Exalts his Name above the Sky:
By this he conquers *Souls*.

V.

This was the ſweet and powerful Art
Whereby he did the people win;
He took them gently by the *Heart*,
And made them bend to *Heavens* deſign.
They preſently with ready mind,
Their Towns, themſelves and their affairs,
Into his Princely hand reſign'd;
Reſolving that his Fortune ſhould be theirs.

Love

Love conquer'd all, towards him their Zeal and their
Affections burn'd,
And even the hardy men of *Steel* to him their *Magnet* turn'd.

VI.

First *Cornbury* seem'd to mistake his way;
That Brave and Noble Soul:
He would not fight against his God for pay:
At which the Fiends below began to howl.
'Twas he led up the *Dance*,
And shew'd the others what they ought to do;
Which made all shake from *England* o're to *France*,
And broke their measures like to Threds of Tow.
Down go the *Trinkets*, and down fall
The Images and House of *Baal*;
To *Baal* they cry aloud, and to their *Goddess* call,
But neither would regard, nor hear nor help at all.
The Vermin flee; the Shavelings hast away;
As Evil *Spirits* are said to do at break of day.

VII.

O blest Deliverance! O blessed Prince!
Secret *Reserve* of Providence,

To save three sinking Kingdoms from the bloody
And Tyranny of Hell and *Rome*. (doom
Our *Moses* and our *David* too;
Whose Sling and Stone,
(For 'twas not much more in Comparison)
Directed by the *Almighty*'s hand,
Has made the *Gyants* fall and sav'd our Land.
O had we *Davids* Harp and *Moses* Song,
And hearts accordingly to sing
The praises of th' *Eternal King*,
Who his beloved Deputy sent hither,
Of his Almighty Love,
Once more to prove
If we can happy be and good together.

VIII.

My Verse may not unthankfully forget
With honour and respect to treat
The Gallantry of Noble *Devonshire*,
And Valiant *De la Mere*,
And many another Noble *Peer*,
Who, with true *English* honour, did agree
To venture all, rather than not to free
Their Country and themselves from Slavery.

Nor

Nor may we ſilently paſs by,
The Sacred *Seven*,
Thoſe *Stars* of Heaven;
VVho with undaunted light
Did check, and over-rule the Darkneſs of our *Night*;
Let Heaven reward their Zeal and Piety.
The reſt we name not; their Names entred are
In *Fame*'s indelible perpetual *Regiſter*.

IX.

Yet Muſe forget not to inſert a line (ſhine:
Of her, whoſe Princely name will make thy Verſes
She like ſome Glorious *Star*,
Whoſe Influences Secret are,
Do's light and Life Diſpenſe from far;
And Sure muſt help to govern *this*, it was ſo ſweet a
Or rather like the Sun (War.
(For yet ſhe thinks not that her day is come:)
That does it's Benefits diſcloſe,
To all the World, and knows not what it does:
In her, and in her Royal Siſters Veins,
The Royal Matyrs Blood runs *pure*, free from the
(Fathers Stains;
In them the Virtues and the Graces all
Enjoy their *Crown Imperial*.

Such

Such exemplary Piety,
And such unshaken Constancy,
An Earnest is,
Of future and of greater bliss.
And *Britain* still may hope, in them
Some footsteps of the *Golden Age* may yet appear agen.
Then, if propitious Heaven permit, my Muse may
(mount it higher,
Mean while into some private Grove she hastens to
(retire.

FINIS.

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